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# IRISH MIST D SUNSHINE

A BOOK OF BALLADS

JAMES B. DOLLARD

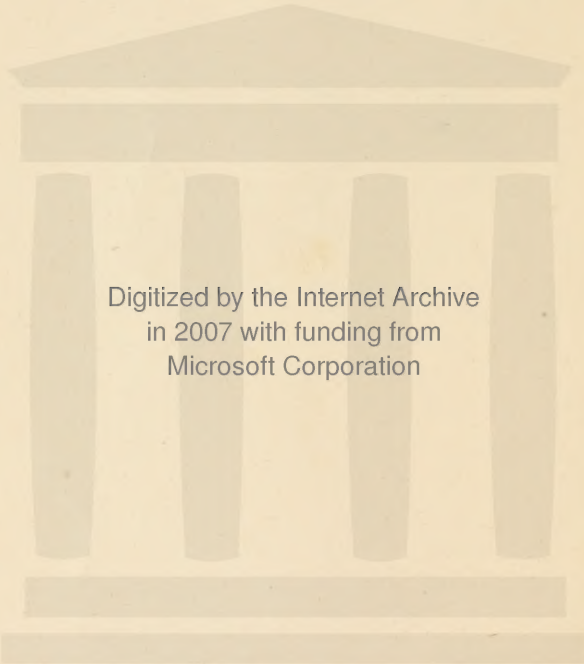
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Rev. F. D. O. Weiss



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*Irish Mist and Sunshine*







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# *Irish Mist & Sunshine*

## *A BOOK OF BALLADS*

*By*

*JAMES B. DOLLARD*

*(Slia-v-na-mon)*

*With an introduction by  
William O'Brien, M. P.*



*BOSTON*

*Richard G. Badger & Company*  
*(Incorporated)*

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*1901*

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## *Dedication*

*To my Brother*

*The Rev. WILLIAM DOLLARD*

*Church of the Holy Rosary*

*St. Stephen, N. B.*

*a lover of Ireland and her literature, whose teachings and encouragement have always been my greatest aid, this book of Irish verse is affectionately dedicated.*

*The Author*



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## PREFACE.

The Irish priest who is also a poet commands a range of emotions which are inaccessible and almost inconceivable to the decadent versifiers who have made the phrase "The Minor Poets" a term of contempt. There is, as in the great days of poetry, something of the divine in his calling. He is privileged, as is no other man, to enter the Holy of Holies of the Irish soul, which contains a virgin mine of passion, pathos, mirth and tragedy still awaiting the poet's alchemic touch. The surprising thing is that so few Irish priests have yet turned to account for the enrichment of literature the wealth of human interest and feeling which lies around the poet-priest in the wildest mountain parish. The brooks that babble around his daily path make music, and there is no cabin whose blue peat-smoke perfumes the moors around his chapel that could not yield up its little lyric or its tale of deep and haunting pathos. Two Irish priests are at this moment setting the example of what men who combine literary ardour with a pas-

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sionate love of their people can do to give the world some glimpse of the charms of the true Irish temperament, horizon, and spirit-world. Father P. A. Sheehan's famous book, "My New Curate" gives perhaps the boldest as well as the truest picture ever painted of the Irish priest and of his people, in habit as they live. Father Dollard, the author of this book of lyrics treats Irish life and sentiment through the more glowing medium of verse, and with the intensified passion of an exile from his native land. The grass-grown Irish villages, whose very names set his thoughts to music, appear to him through an enchanted atmosphere of recollections and regrets which gives a touch of consecration too often lost for those to whom the dull realities suggest no more than the yellow primrose did to Peter Bell.

Here and there a verse may be as frankly unadorned as the peasant cabins themselves in their homely cloaks of thatch, but every line rings true to life and home and with the tone as heartmoving as the Angelus which holds Millet's peasants in its spell. Father

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Dollard moreover possesses the quality which alone is wanting among the perfections of the "New Curate" namely, a wholehearted sympathy with the national yearning of his people. The simple explanation to me at least of the dismal fate of all the more or less Anglified "New Curate's" projects for conquering the inveterate stagnation of the village life around him is his failure to appreciate the aspirations which are the people's terrestrial breath of life and the political conditions which set young men either tippling with Jem Deady, or learning the goose-step by moonlight under the command of the village tailor. Father Dollard understands the tailor as well as the tippler and sees perfectly how a healthy national enthusiasm could regulate the excesses of both and render Irish life as full of manly energy as it is of national charm and poetic sensibility. His lyrics have done very much indeed to discourage the unnatural He-gira from their native land which has tempted such myriads of the race from their wholesome mountain glens into the contamination of the

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factories and the city slums in stranger lands. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bell of his young days floating on his ears. Irish priests with the gifts of Father Sheehan and Father Dollard in their several kinds can do more to revive the power of the poet in its ancient Greek sense than the most misty-minded of the dilettanti who arrogate to themselves the credit of what is called the "Gaelic Revival." They are indeed makers and teachers, and their books leave us with cheerfuller belief in our kind.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Mallow Cottage,  
Westport, Ireland,  
September 12, 1900.

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RHYME OF THE STILL HUNTERS.

*(A Ballad of Iar-Connaught.)*

It was the Gauger Regan Buie  
That pensive came to bask,  
One sunny day by Galway Bay,  
And sat on an empty cask.

A Gauger old and stern was he,  
Grim foe to fresh *poteen*,  
Had sought the still o'er vale and hill;  
Full steady his scent I ween.

He lit his pipe and he puffed a puff,  
He spat on the salty tide.  
He gazed on the blue-black Connaught Hills  
Then drooped his head and sighed:

"Now, Regan Buie, what sight dost see  
On the lonesome Connaught Hills?"  
I see on Kylimore's swelling slopes  
The smoke of whiskey stills.

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I feel the peat spring to my feet,  
I scent the gorse clad waste,  
I long again for crag and glen  
Where mountain rivers raced.

Full dim my sight that once was light,  
My bones are stiff and sore,  
But the Connaught Hills are calling now,  
And it's off I'd be once more.

Oh, off again with the mountain men;  
I knew them one and all—  
Jack Joyce that kept round Knockaniss,  
And Teig at Balnagal;

And Maelmorra Lynch, of Dalystown:  
But the keenest rogue drew breath  
Was Dhiarmid Roe, of Ballinasloe,  
Sly fox and game to death.

'Twas many a day we went his way,  
Full sure to find his lair  
In the Boughta Hills where smoked his 'stills  
On the bounds of County Clare.

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And many a night, a woeful sight,  
My men and I slunk home,  
While down from the shadowy mountain cliffs  
His mocking voice would come:—

“Ho, Regan Buie you’re far to see  
“My pearly mountain dew,  
“I’ll send you a pint with never a stint,  
“First run and tested true.

“But haste you now from the mountain tracks:  
“Go home to Galway Town  
“And say when there that I beat you fair  
“For all your name’s renown.”

We wandered there when fields were fair  
And the furze a flame of gold:  
We sought again for the outlaw’s den  
When winter winds blew cold.

One day at last we followed fast;  
The trail was straight and true;  
Close was the chase till a cliff’s dark face  
Concealed him from our view.

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High and low for a hiding place  
We searched and searched again,  
Till we found a rift in the granite cliff,  
The door of Dhiarmid's den.

Oh chill that cave as a churchyard vault;  
Our hearts had need be bold;  
Black was its mouth, but the womb within  
Was blacker a hundredfold.

High and steep were the stony walls  
The roof was lost to view;  
With shuffle and jar like thunder far  
Our footfalls echoed through.

Spoke Jack Ryan, of Bansha town,  
Who feared not man or ghost;  
"I hear a tread on the road ahead;"  
And he followed the footsteps fast.

On through the midnight mirk he went,  
With never a thought or care;  
But I heard the sound of a torrent's rush,  
And called to him, "Beware!"

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“’Ware a trap or an open cleft;”  
My warning came too late;  
A stumble, a cry that chilled our hearts,  
And quick we knew his fate.

Thud and thud on the rocky shelves  
We heard his body go,  
And plunge at last in the raving flood  
A thousand feet below.

Then flashed a light, and the cave was bright,  
Wet gleamed each dripping ledge;  
A mighty chasm our pathway barred—  
Full close we viewed its edge.

Heavy and deep in sullen sweep  
We heard the flood below,  
But over its din a voice broke in  
The challenge of Dhiarmid Roe:

“Ho, Regan Buie on your bended knee  
“Pray God to save your soul;  
“Your grave is a thousand feet below  
“And never a bell to toll.

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"Your grave is a thousand feet below—

"Your children wait at home,

"And your wife shall cry as the days go by

"For a husband ne'er to come.

"But think on the home in Galway town

"And think of child and wife

"And make me a solemn promise here,

"Your word shall buy your life.

"For never again the mountain men

"Your stealthy steps must fear.

"The crag and glen for the mountain men;

"The slope for the mountain deer?

"No more the still you'll hunt and spill,

"Or range the gorse lands high;

"Your word will hold, 'gainst glory and  
gold;—

"Who breaks our law must die!"

Then stout his challenge I answered back,

And spoke as man to man:

"My word won't go to Dhiarmid Roe,

"So work the worst you can.

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"I'll hunt ye again by crag and glen  
(God care for child and wife:)  
"But, ere I give ye the pledging word  
"I'll part with them and life."

Then Dhiarmid Roe spoke grave and slow;  
"Your death-knell's sounding now;  
"No hurrying ball your soul shall call,  
"Grim fear must make you bow.

"Your grave is deep and your grave is high,  
"Its walls are soundless rock;  
"And never a soul shall hear you call,  
"Whilst I your suff'rings mock."

He spoke and the blessed light was gone,  
We groped in darkest gloom;  
And we heard but the foaming flood below,  
Sounding a knell of doom.

Blind on our track we floundered back,  
Our folly to bemoan;  
We felt our way where the passage lay,  
And struck but the solid stone.

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Searched we there in our heart's despair,  
But ever the same we found.  
Naught but the boiling depths below  
And the iron rock around.

Oh, deep our grave by a hidden wave,  
And far from friends and home  
Where never a soul as long years roll  
To breathe a prayer would come.

Then cried Ned Power of Parsonstown,  
My friend in raid and fray:  
"We've held the front in many a brunt  
"But this is the end to-day.

"Oh this is the end and worse to fear—  
"My curse on Dhiarmid Roe!  
"May all his flinty heart holds dear  
"Rise up to work him woe."—

Heavy and slow the crawling hours,  
And each one seemed a day,  
In the deadly gloom of that living tomb  
Our live strength ebbed away.

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And when sweet visions crossed the brain  
Of homes we'd see no more,  
We heard the drop of the reeking rock  
And the rumbling torrents roar.

At last a light flashed full and bright;  
'Twas sweet as breaking day,  
And full in the glow stood Dhiarmid Roe  
And mocked us where we lay:

"Ho, Regan Buie, are the hounds at bay,  
"Brought up and trapped at last?  
"You've had your fun of many a run,  
"But your hunting days are past.

"My curse on ye for stubborn fools!  
"Speak now the word I said;  
"The riftless rock is all around  
"And the rock roof overhead.

"I'll send ye back to Galway Town  
"Where wife and children wait.  
"The time goes by and the end is nigh—  
"Speak now or speak too late."

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Up spoke Ned Power of Parsonstown:

“Your pardon, Regan Buie:

“The word your pride forever would hide

“I’ll speak for you and me.

“Oh, never again by heath and glen

(God pay thee, Dhiarmid Roe!)

“Were a whiskey still on every hill,

“On the outlaw’s track we’ll go.

“Were a whiskey still on every hill,

“And a scent to make one reel,

“Oh! never again on the mountain men

“Like blooded sleuths we’ll steal.

“Tho’ many an outlaw roam unchanged,

“Of high and low degree,

“To Dhiarmid Roe the palm must go,

“The Chief of rascals he.”

Then smiled that rascal, Dhiamid Roe,

A wicked smile to see,

And said: “This day is the day indeed,

“And worth a world to me.”

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"The day that I baffled Regan Buie  
    "And brought his boasting low,  
"A pint I'll brew of the mountain dew  
    "To treat ye ere ye go."

He bound our eyes and he led us on,  
    And when we looked again,  
We saw the prize we had hunted long,  
    The daring outlaw's den.

Busy and neat, in all complete,  
    Vat and worm and still,  
The mountaineer for many a year  
    Had worked them all at will.

Then Dhiarmid Roe: "Now ere ye go  
    "Ye'll test my mountain dew."  
And loud he laughed as the potent draught  
    Our shaking frames thrilled through.

Oh, gay his laugh and merry his chaff,  
    As he showed the homeward way,  
And "Regan Buie in the years to be  
    "You'll never rue this day.

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"Oh, come again to the mountain men,  
"A Government spy no more:  
"Their friendship true I'll warrant you  
"And welcoming hearts galore."

He said and we looked our last on him,  
Then turned our faces home;  
But every year to my cottage here  
A stealthy cask doth come.

And writ in the ancient Gaelic tongue  
This legend you may see:  
"Sweet mountain dew, from Dhiarmid Roe,  
To the Gauger, Regan Buie."

Oh, mellow and true that mountain dew.  
Old heart and brain it thrills.  
I see as I saw in days of old,  
the wind-swept Connaught Hills;

I feel the peat beneath my feet;  
I smell the heathery waste;  
I long again for the crag and glen  
where thundering torrents raced.

BALLAD OF THE COISTA GANN KOWN.\*

*This terrible phantom is heard passing from  
one graveyard to another, at the midnight hour,  
by the peasantry of the South of Ireland.*

“Black Niall Moran, dare you cross the lone  
mountain,  
A brand on your brow and a murder on your  
soul,  
Ah! what shall you say when the Lord calls  
upon you,  
For the red blood you squandered, and the life  
that you stole?”

“If the Lord called upon me I should reck not  
His summons, .  
Though He flung down my body to deep pits  
of Hell;  
My strong hand has crushed out his life, whom  
I hated,  
My long-nourished vengeance I have sated it  
well.”

\*Coista Gann Ceann—Literally, “Coach without heads.”

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"Black Niall Moran, 'tis a blasphemy spoken,  
Lone, lone the long road athwart the moun-  
tains brown—,  
Oh, 'ware you the graveyards whose portals  
now open  
And the dread, headless horses of the Coista  
Gann Kown."

A curse in the midnight, and a loud laugh of  
scorn,  
A murderer plunges in the black jaws of night,  
The high gallows threatened and the pale  
breaking morn,  
Far out over ocean should see him in flight.

But fearful his journey, the dreary winds af-  
fright him.  
Sobbing, hopeless sobbing amid the branches  
sere  
From the wood-sheltered cairn, where his vic-  
tim lies staring,  
The Banshee's awesome ullagon comes to his  
ear.

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Ullagon! Ullagon! the wailing winds repeat  
it,

Ullagon! Ullagon! the hollow hills reply!

A rustle in the murky gloom,—the winging of  
a demon!

A voice in the valley—'tis a lost spirit's cry!

Black Niall Moran, where now your bold  
vaunting

Your brow's damp with terror.—God spare  
your guilty soul.

Hark! o'er the din of your scared bosom's  
panting,

Hear the Headless Horses, and the Dead-  
Coach's roll!

“Black Niall Moran, if e'er you prayed to  
Heaven,

Oh, pray unto the Saviour now for succor and  
for grace.”

They come, the demon horses—sound their  
tramp like hollow thunder,

The lightnings of their flashing hoofs illumine  
his ghastly face.

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Ah! vainly doth he strive to pray—his pallid  
lips are frozen,

God's Mother, break the wicked spell that  
binds his body now.

His eyes must view the phantom coach, whose  
door is swinging open,

Within—a reeking body—'tis his victim's  
clotted brow!

A shriek upon the midnight air,—a rumble in  
the darkness,

Again the demon horses thro' the mountains  
speed away.

Stark dead upon the roadside, in his eyes a  
nameless horror,

They found Black Niall lying at the breaking  
of the day!

Where four roads meet they buried him when  
even-shades were falling;

But when night's dusky curtains on the  
shrinking hills drop down,

They hear the Dead Coach rushing by, and  
cross their foreheads saying;

“His soul must ride till judgment with the  
Coista Gann Kown.”

THE CRUISE OF THE BLUE MAUREEN.

It was the brave ship Blue Maureen  
Swept out from Queenstown Bay,  
Nor shortened sail to the rising gale  
That whipped the seas to spray.

Her skipper was Rorke, of County Cork,  
Where daring men are bred;  
Dark scowling now he stood at the prow  
And scanned the skies ahead.

A smuggler free and fierce was he  
As e'er foiled revenue brand;  
No storm could daunt him on the sea,  
And he feared no law on land.

He wore away to the wild sou'-west,  
He flew as the swallow flies,  
Past Seven Heads, and the Galleys' crest  
To where the Three Stags rise.

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He entered a lonely cove at last,  
And a Spanish ship lay there;  
The Blue Maureen they loaded clean  
With cargo rich and rare.

And none too quick was done the trick  
For as he sheered away  
A gun-boat cleared the ocean swell  
And stuck its nose in the bay.

Said Rorke, "The revenue-man's not built  
Can fool a fox like me"—  
He found a gate thro' a hidden strait,  
And danced on the open sea.

"Now Revenue-man, it's catch who can"  
Said Rorke, "an' we've slipped ye well,  
Ho, now for a chase and a clipping race  
To harbor or to hell."

The storm-gust shook the Blue Maureen  
And blew her into the west  
Like thistle down in the summer breeze  
From Brown Knocmeldom's crest.

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The skipper laughed to his flying craft,  
No revenue boat was seen—  
“And would they match their smoky hulks  
To sail with the Blue Maureen?”

“Now lads to wind with her a bit  
We’ll head for port again,  
See yonder cloud like a dead man’s shroud,  
It carries a hurricane.”

They looked and the erstwhile smiling south  
Grew dark—as dark as midnight.  
Dusky and dun became the sun  
And baleful was his light.

Black and blacker the skies became  
Till a white bolt crashed o’erhead,  
And out of the pall came a thunder call  
Like the last trump of the dead.

“Ho! down the sails—’ware foul or slip!  
And watch ye well the south  
We’ve saved our ship from the bailiff’s grip  
But we’ve run in the devil’s mouth!”

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"A curse on my eyes that see no sign,  
A curse on the coming blast,  
T'will carry us bare to God knows where  
Nor leave us a rag to mast."

He spoke, and the hissing hurricane  
Drove in to show him true;  
It caught the ship in a gusty grip  
And blind to the north she flew.

Oh, blind she flew till the pallid crew  
For fear could scarce draw breath;  
Said Rorke, "this drift is steady and swift  
And the end of it all is death."

"The end is death, be it long or short,  
Not mine the skill to know,  
Or grinding shock on a hidden rock  
Or flung on a white ice-floe."

Then northward drove the Blue Maureen,  
Still north a day and night,  
With never a lift nor once a shift  
The hurricane proved its might.

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The toppling combers swept her deck,  
Hard lashed the helm-wheel strained,  
The bending mast in the ruthless blast,  
Like tortured soul complained.

Said Rorke: "An angry God's above,  
And the devil is 'neath our keel,  
'Tis late in the day for me to pray,  
And now I may not kneel."

"For God would scorn my puling now,  
And I may spare my breath;  
See yon black wall! Ho! shipmates all!  
'Tis there—the end—and death!"

The Blue Maureen swung wide and high,  
And over the yawning waves  
A rock-bound coast the vision crossed,  
They saw their waiting graves.

Black Rorke clung fast by the shaking mast,  
When sudden he was aware  
A shape of fear was standing near—  
No mortal man stood there.

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Steady and stark the Stranger stood,  
Nor recked the reeling ship;  
Then: "Dermot Rorke, you have done your  
work  
And sailed your last sea-trip."

"Cast is the line, and the prize is mine  
So now I claim your soul."  
The skipper he looked to the scowling rocks,  
And heard the breakers roll.

"Oh life is sweet with hell to meet,"  
The skipper said with a sigh.  
"I'll sell my soul when seven years roll  
If now you pass me by."

"Your soul is mine," said the demon then,  
"When e'er I will to take,  
But now you'll sell your child as well,  
And saved be for her sake.

"Her soul is bright with a wondrous light  
(God's grace within her grew)  
I'll take that soul when seven years roll.  
And till that time spare you."

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Burst from the skipper a cry of fear;  
"What! take my child?" he said,  
"Not for the earth and all 'tis worth  
I'd sell a hair of her head."

"Oh, Lord, that rules the wind, and stirs  
The deep seas with Thy breath,  
In this dread hour show forth Thy power—  
Save us from sin and death!"

The sinner prayed—his lips were stirred  
By grace of his own child's prayer;  
At a distant shrine her call was heard,  
God crowned her pleading there.

Ah! none may claim Christ's aid in vain;  
And now a child's weak moan  
Pierces the sky and there on high  
Sweet mercy claims its own.

Great is Thy saving Name, O Christ!  
Afar the Tempter flies,  
God's holy peace falls o'er the seas,  
The storm-blast moaning dies!

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By Queenstown Bay, on the sand-bars gray,  
Beached high a boat is seen;  
She sails no more where deep seas roar,  
'Tis the brave ship Blue Maureen.

No more she'll breast the billow's crest  
On perilous cruise out-bound,  
All peaceful now is the skipper's brow,  
God's friendship he hath found.

Death's call he waits, at the harbor gates,  
With hope God's port to see;  
May skies be fair on his voyage there,  
And Christ his Pilot be!

THE BRIDGE OF ORMONDE.

*(A Ballad of Kilkenny).*

Ormonde's castle stones are high  
Ormonde's brazen gates are grand  
Rich is the Lord of Ormond, why  
Coveted he my cot and land?

Steady and clear the river flows  
Under the Bridge of Ormonde  
Out with the flood my spirit goes  
Far from the shades of Ormond  
I see the home was once mine own  
Desolate now its cold hearth-stone  
Barren the fields and weed-o'er-grown  
Stamped with the curse of Ormonde.

"Rent or the land"! they said that day  
And drove us out on the bleak highway  
I cannot rest and I cannot pray  
Cursing the greed of Ormonde.

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Proudly above Kilkenny town  
Towers the walls of Ormonde  
I wander up and I wander down  
Over the Bridge of Ormonde.  
My heart is broken, my hopes are dead  
No roof to shelter a hoary head  
But he lies soft on a down bed  
Safe in the palace of Ormonde!

The tyrant!—Safe! Ah that dread desire  
My soul is seethed in hellish fire!  
God rescue me from these whispers dire!  
Close by the gates of Ormonde.  
Peaceful and still the waters flow  
Under the Bridge of Ormonde  
Would that my tortured breast were so  
Here by the hall of Ormonde.

Mother of God! (the sweet words bless)  
Hinder my hand from wickedness  
Aid! oh aid me in dark distress  
Lone on the Bridge of Ormonde.

WHEN THE SHADOW'S ON THE  
HEATHER.

*An Irish Christmas Ballad.*

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the  
early Christmas Mass,  
When the shadow's of the heather and the  
rime is on the grass—  
Want may chill our highland cottage; troubles  
bide with us alway.  
But the Saviour makes us happy on his holy  
Christmas Day.

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn  
of peace and joy,  
Little pet-lamb, pretty Norah, sturdy Neil, my  
noble boy,  
When the hearth is clean and cosy and the  
dancing flames are gay,  
And the kettle croons a welcome to the com-  
ing Christmas day.

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Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-  
haunted glen,  
Eastward now the break of morning brings  
the peace of God to men.  
Near the mountain-rim,—first jewel of the  
Christ-Child's diadem,  
Burns a star of radiant beauty like the Star of  
Bethlehem.

Wake ye now, my sleeping treasures, wake ye  
now, your mother's joy,  
Pretty Norah, drowsy lambkin, blue-eyed Neil,  
my laughing boy—  
For the shadow's on the heather, and the rime  
is on the grass,  
And the angels hurry earthward to the early  
Christmas Mass.

See above you ivied abbey, where God's ser-  
vants prayed of old,  
Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver,  
shafts of gold—  
Swing the gates of glory open, shining souls  
unnumbered pass,  
Let us hurry down to meet them at the early  
Christmas Mass.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the  
riverside and glen

Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately  
women, stalwart men;

Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin! bitter  
sorrow theirs, alas!

Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another  
Christmas Mass.

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has  
heard thy bitter moan,

Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make  
thee more His own.

Faith has died where nations flourished,—  
earthly gain His gifts surpass

When he greets His gathered people at the  
early Christmas Mass.

THE HANGING OF MYLES LEHANE.

The Baron of Graine and Cavan, his heart was  
hard and cold,  
He loved but his dogs and hunters—his god  
was greed of gold.  
Said he: "For my pride and pleasure I'll have  
those broad lands free,  
And he drove his serfs to the workhouse, or  
scourged them o'er the sea.  
But Myles Lehane of Cashel went up to the  
Baron's door,  
His heart like lead and bowed his head,—he  
never had begged before.  
Said he, "for your honor's payment long years  
I've drudged like a beast,  
'Twill break my heart from the land to part,  
but leave us the house at least,  
For Nora, my wife, is dying,—the child is gone  
before,  
'Twas fever killed our darling, so the neigh-  
bors come no more."

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Then the Baron swore a sounding oath, and  
ordered the "dog" away,  
And back thro' the rain went Myles Lehane  
to his woful house that day.

Next morning's sun rose grim and dun, and in  
thro' the valley's gate,  
Like a river red the "Death Brigade" defiled  
in martial state.  
Oh, bold and gay they looked that day, the  
Royal British Horse,  
But they did a work would shame a Turk that  
spares not the senseless corse.  
Their sabres clanked full gallantly, their hoof-  
beat echoed plain,  
Till they came to halt with never a fault by  
the house of Myles Lehane,  
And there they formed a *cordon*, all strict to  
the rules of war.  
(Would they do so well to the Arab yell on  
Afric sands afar?)

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Within his straw roofed cottage, his own no  
longer now,  
Sat Myles Lehane deep-bowed in pain, cold  
fear-drops on his brow,  
Dread were the thoughts he wrestled, but never  
uttered a sound,  
The hand of God lay heavy on him—the wrath  
of men around.  
His sick wife lay beside him, her life-tide ebbing  
fast,  
And he prayed that ere the troops came there  
her spirit might have passed.  
The damp, death-reek was on her cheek, the  
Priest was kneeling by,  
But she heard outside the soldiers' stride, and  
pitiful was her cry:  
"Oh, *wirra, wirra*,\* the bitter day! and have I  
lived so long,  
And must I lie by the road to die, that never  
did man wrong!  
Oh, Myles, my heart's light ever, come near  
and hold my hand,  
'Twas gladsome May our wedding day and  
sunshine filled the land;

\* *Wirra*, (lit.) Oh, Mary, Mary!

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

The birds sang gay our wedding day, the bending  
    skies were blue,  
And you were there my king of men, and I was  
    fair to you.

Our joys and our heavy sorrows we shared  
    them side by side,

When the crops and cattle prospered—when  
    the son of our bosoms died;

But now when your blackest trouble is falling  
    upon your head,

I must leave you, Myles, my husband, to be  
    with the griefless dead.

Yet hear me, our God is mercy,—He judges  
    the deeds of men;

I'll pray at His throne for you, my own, until  
    we meet again."

Bang on the door a gun-butt—hurtled a hoarse  
    command:

"Now, Myles Lehane, in the Queen's high  
    name, give up your house and land."

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

The hinges burst like rot-wood, and in the  
bailiffs strode,

“Now out with them, bag and baggage, to beg  
their rent on the road!”

The priest stood up from the bedside, his tear-  
filled eyes flashed fire—

“Oh, men, would ye shame your manhood to  
do such deed for hire,

The wild beast chased and wounded may die  
at last in his lair,

And would ye refuse like mercy to God’s own  
image there?”

Then spoke his lordship’s agent,—a fiend in-  
carnate he,—

“You’ll leave the house my prating priest, and  
curse her! so shall she,

No! fetch me the oil-can, hearties—we’ll have  
a bonfire good,

And crack our joke while the rats we smoke,  
as loyal subjects should.”

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

They bore her out on the roadside, they laid  
her down to die,  
The flames from the burning cottage leaped  
fiercely to the sky.  
But swifter on to the heavens the soul of a  
woman went,  
The angels found her a dwelling-place, and  
never a word of rent.

II.

'Tis night in the gloomy valley, 'tis night on  
the hillside drear,  
Hark! heard ye a gunshot sounding—heard ye  
a shriek of fear?  
A murderer flies in terror, his deed was done  
too well—  
The Baron of Graine and Cavan, his soul is  
deep in hell!  
A bullet has found its billet out there on the  
lonesome moor,  
No more he'll grind, in his anger blind, the  
faces of God's poor.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

And out on the widening ocean a swift ship  
flies e'en now  
The winds blow fair, yet one they bear, with  
Cain-brand on his brow.

Now flash ye the news of horror to every land  
and clime,  
And mark the race with deep disgrace whose  
sons have wrought such crime!  
What tho' in peaceful England a thousand  
worse befall,  
The Baron great had wealth and state and  
lived in princely hall,  
But mind! no word of the woman—she died by  
deed of law,  
We rule them strong, we may do wrong, but,  
look ye, find no flaw,  
And find us a ready victim, it boots not whom  
nor how,  
The outraged State must vindicate her injured  
Justice now.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

They found ere long a victim—the proofs, they  
said were plain—  
And Dublin's deep-walled dungeons soon  
closed on Myles Lehané.  
Like Him of old, the Scourged One, he made  
no moan or cry;  
They dragged him out in the blaze of noon and  
told him he must die.  
“Now Myles Lehané, in your Maker's name,  
what word have you to say  
With latest breath to the doom of death that  
falls on you today?”

The peasant knelt to Heaven, his hair gleamed  
white to the sun,  
“My Lord, of the crime I'm guiltless; but  
God's high will be done!  
I fear not to meet my Saviour—He promised  
the wronged redress;  
The death I die is shameful, my shame than  
His far less.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Better to die and end it than live a trampled  
slave  
With never a breath of freedom—no hope but  
the waiting grave.

The precious gold we drudge for buys feast  
for a glutton's hall;  
Better than life of torture, be robbed at once  
of all.”  
Ah! Myles Lehane, of Cashel, dost hear thy  
death-bell toll?  
The grim black flag they've hoisted—Christ's  
mercy on thy soul!  
The guards drag forth their victim, the hang-  
man stands in wait,  
Like watchers by a death-bed, the people pray  
at the gate.  
The black mask veils his vision—he looked his  
last on the sun,  
Now God and the Virgin aid him—the awful  
doom is done!

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Thro' the grimy streets of Dublin the crowds  
    creep shuddering home,  
And down from the Wicklow summits the  
    gusty rain-blasts come.  
They weep through the darkened city to wash  
    its guilt away.  
They tell to the sullen Irish Sea a tale of  
    shame today.

I saw a singer of ballads, he sang a song in  
    the street,  
In the heart of Dublin City, 'mid bustle and  
    hurry of feet,  
Men's cheeks flushed hot to hear him, and  
    women's went white with pain—  
I've tried to sing you the song I heard—The  
    Hanging of Myles Lehané.

THE FAIRY-STOLEN.

*An Irish Ballad.*

Mother dear, my mother, they have stolen me  
away

And I miss you mother darling all the live-  
long day

When the dreamy sun is shining, and the  
fleecy clouds sail by,

You are weeping for me, mother, and I hear  
your bitter cry.

I wandered by the fairy Rath, I wandered all  
alone.

I played, nor thought of danger, by the  
haunted Ogam Stone

Till the fairies from Knocsheela came and car-  
ried me away

Where they live within the mountain in their  
palaces of clay.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Mother dear, oh mother, they have crowned  
me Fairy Queen,

They have robed me in a vesture of the sun-  
set's wondrous sheen,

They have dowered me with treasure that  
their fairy castles hold,

But more precious to me mother your sweet  
kiss than shining gold.

When the sun is on the mountain, and the  
cloud shades come and go

And drowsy brooklets downward 'neath the  
nodding hazels flow,

When the bee is in the fox-glove, and in covert  
hides the hare,

Oh, look upon the mountain then, for mother,  
I am there.

But when the night has fallen and the mystic  
moonlight comes,

And darkly on the valley's breast the grey-  
walled castle looms,

Oh then along the river's banks we're skip-  
ping near and far

Till dawn with spears of silver drives away  
the Morning Star.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

'Twas but yesternight oh mother that we  
passed the cottage by  
Ah, my eager heart beat heavily to know that  
you were nigh.  
I saw the tears you shed for me, I heard your  
troubled prayer,  
But the fairy throng bore swift along, I  
could not linger there.

Mother dear, my mother, I am dying day by  
day,  
They may hold my lifeless body, but my spir-  
it will not stay,  
It will seek you mother darling thro' the sun-  
shine or the rain,  
And the fairies of the mountain cannot steal  
your child again.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

ON KENMARE HEAD.

*An Irish Ballad.*

Sweet Mother of the Crucified  
Be nigh to aid me now.  
My old eyes view the sad gray sea  
Beyond the cliff's high brow;  
The wide, gray sea that sullenly  
Beats on the black rocks bare,  
The while I moan, bereft and lone,  
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Oh bitter day I lost for aye  
The dear ones of my soul!  
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me  
How broad and bleak you roll!  
Two graves are lying far away  
With none to kneel in pray'r—  
And I, their mother, weeping here  
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

My Owen left our cabin door  
A dreary winter day,  
“Full quick I’ll send ye gold galore  
The heavy rent to pay.”  
Mo nuar! ’twas the killing word  
They wrote from over there,—  
“He’s dying and his love he sends  
To those in Old Kenmare.”

Then Mary, treasure of my life—  
How sweet her modest grace!  
My timid lamb, she left me too  
The hard world-winds to face.  
Poor child, her heart was broken soon  
With all a strange land’s care;  
They laid her by her brother’s side  
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

Now ever to my anguished soul  
Their dying voices reach,  
I hear them in the waves that roll  
And sob along the beach.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

I listen and the crooning winds  
Those last love-whispers bear  
To me, their mother, waiting lone  
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,  
Thy woes were greater far,  
To thee an earthly mother prays  
Who art the Ocean's Star.  
Thou standing by the awful Cross,  
Oh strengthen me to bear  
My sorrow swelling like the sea  
By the Head of Old Kenmare.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

CNOC-MAOL-DHOUN.\*

Ah! sweet is Avondhuv that flows by lordly  
Cappoquin  
And sighing low the south winds blow across  
the Vale of Glin,  
God's blessings on our Irish land, as well in  
field and town,  
But give me strength and let me stand on  
Cnoc-Maol-Dhoun.

Now fairy hands are finding me and friendly  
sprites are they,  
Oh, fairy hands are binding me, "we'll bear  
you up," they say;  
"Come up where starry heather-flowers and  
golden gorse encrown  
The monarch of all fairy-mounds, our Cnoc-  
Maol Dhoun."

\* The brown Smooth Hill.—In County Waterford, Ireland.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

I yield me to their magic spell, its power is not  
gain-said,

We leave at once the lowly dell, and seek the  
mountain's head,

I feel the breeze of ocean now, I smell the  
fraoich brown,

And cooled the fever of my brow on Cnoc-  
Maol-Dhoun.

Afar the shining Suir leaps Ardfinan's wood-  
lands o'er,

Afar the thundrous billow sweeps thine echo-  
ing wall Ardmore;

On sunny hill and misty vale my vision ranges  
down,

And fancy teems with olden dreams, on Cnoc-  
Maol-Dhoun.

On yonder plain, in war-array, I see the hosts  
of Finn,

And mighty chiefs of ancient day,—I hear  
their arms' din;

Famed Oisin of the Yellow Locks and Conan  
of Renown,

Their shadows rise before mine eyes, on Cnoc-  
Maol-Dhoun.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Pass Conall and the Red Branch Knights,—  
and Maev, to conflict dire,  
See great Cuculain, "Lord of Fights" his spear  
a flame of fire.

A moment through the shifting mist sad Deir-  
dre's face is shown,  
Kind fairies grant the sight ye list, on Cnoc-  
Maol-Dhoun.

Ah! poor in sordid wealth of gold, but rich is  
Erin still  
In magic spell and legend old, that cling to  
heath and hill,  
Dearer than gold a thousand fold, God's beau-  
ties rare that crown,  
The streams that flow thy heights below old  
Cnoc-Maol-Dhoun.

LAMENT FOR CILL CEANNAIGH.

It is my bitter sorrow that the heavy-rolling  
    main  
Betwixt me and the land I love up-swells to  
    mock my pain;  
A weary load is on me that the Spring is here  
    again—  
And I far away from Kilkenny.

This cheerless exile, day by day, more griev-  
    ously I rue,  
And foreign skies grow dark to me recalling  
    skies of blue,  
Fade out, ye stretching city streets, and smile  
    the fields I knew,  
In the gold-misty vales of Kilkenny.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

On Suir's banks the winds of March awake the  
daffodil—

In sprouting groves by Clodagh's stream the  
cuckoo's numbers thrill,

The saucy, sunny primroses in hollow and on  
hill

Are scenting the gale of Kilkenny.

Oh ye that pass o'er heath and grass, all in the  
morning dawn,

The heights to breast, your brows caressed  
with breeze from Sliav-na-mon;

Till Suir shines in golden light, and every  
shadow's gone,

Bless God that your home's in Kilkenny.

Along the winding country ways the haw-  
thorn hedge is white,

The red breast from his mossy nest doth watch  
you out of sight;

Oh, sweet the day in balmy May, and soft the  
dewy night

That falls o'er my home in Kilkenny.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

To list the ploughman's cheery voice,—the  
    *bouchal's* whistle call,  
To hear the pure faced *cailins* sing that guide  
    the cows to stall;  
To watch the stalwart hurlers leap and strike  
    the bounding ball,  
    *Mo bhron* that I'm far from Kilkenny.

There is a heather-belted hill lifts high its  
    summit bare—  
And up its sides the pleasant fields are climb-  
    ing everywhere;  
If I'd my way, 'tis there today I'd breathe the  
    blessed air,  
And greet my old friends in Kilkenny.

O Erin, call thy scattered sons, and bid them  
    all unite—  
"To long in alien wars ye bleed—unblest that  
    fruitless fight,  
Arise again, unconquered men, do battle for  
    the right,  
And free the fair homes of Kilkenny."

BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE.

Back thro' the hill I hurried home  
Ever my boding soul would say  
"Mother and sister bid thee come  
Long, too long has been thy stay."

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale  
Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim  
Sudden I heard the Banshee's wail  
Where Malmor's war-tower rises grim.

Quickly I strode across the slope  
Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound  
(Gloomy the moat where blind owls mope)  
Scarcely breathing, I glanced around.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Mother of mercy! there she sat.

A woman clad in a snow-white shroud  
Streamed her hair to the damp moss-mat  
White the face on her bosom bowed.

"Spirit of Woe," I eager cried,  
"Tell me none that I love has gone,"  
"Cold is the grave": my accents died—  
The Banshee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon  
Seen when the sun-spears herald dawn  
Ceased all sudden her dreary croon  
Full on my own her wild eyes shone.

Burned and seared my inmost soul  
(When shall sorrow depart from me?)  
Black-winged terror upon me stole  
Blindly gaping, I turned to flee.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Back by the grove and haunted mound  
O'er the lone road I know not how  
Hearkened afar my baying hound  
Home at last at the low hill's brow.

Lone the cottage—the door flung wide  
Four lights burned—oh sight of dread!  
Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside,  
“Mercy, God!” ’twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf  
(Kneeling my sister prayed near by)  
Wild as I wrestled with my grief  
Far and faint came the Banshee's cry.

THE RED WALLS OF LIMERICK.

*A Brigade Ballad.*

There's bitter woe in Erin since the Wild  
Geese sailed away,  
The *clairseach* \* sobs with sorrow now, that  
erst rang loud and gay;  
Unheard the tramp of Sarsfield's Horse and  
D'Usson's bugle-bray.  
Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lost pride of Limer-  
ick!

The treaty is broken and our wrongs are un-  
redressed,  
A murdered peasant's hanging high on yon-  
der mountain crest;  
See there a starving mother, with a dead child  
to her breast.  
Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the black woes of Lim-  
erick!

\* *Clairseach*—the harp.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

*Go Dhia*, but these deathly days hang like a  
funeral pall

Mine eyes have seen the battle break 'gainst  
belching fort and wall;

Dutch William's stormers stagger back from  
shearing blade and ball.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the Red Walls of Lim-  
erick!

How leaped our hearts when Lucan's Horse  
swept by at thunderous pace!

How cheered we Dillon's dancing plume, and  
Berwick's martial grace!

Ah! days indeed! Our tender maids feared not  
grim death to face,

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lone homes of Lim-  
erick!

But Sarsfield and his "Slashers" all have  
sailed away to France,

On Europe's shaking battle-fields their fiery  
chargers prance,

And Erin—hapless Erin, now has not one  
guarding lance.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the dead hopes of Lim-  
erick!

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Broad Shannon's eddying waters hurry out-  
ward to the sea,

A hundred exile-bearing ships adown its wide  
gate flee!

Alone I wait the shadows of the night that is  
to be.

Mo nuar! Mo nuar! the lost cause of Limer-  
ick!

LAV-LAIDHIR ABU.

*("About this time a great disgrace fell upon the noble family of O'Brien; for the chieftain Murrough, a man brave beyond compare, and of comely parts, went over to the English with part of his clan, and waged war without mercy against his kinsmen and former friends. So terrible in sooth were his devastations that he thereafter was known to the Irish as 'Murrough the Burner.'")*  
*Old Chronicler.*

My head is bowed, and my heart is breaking,  
My *Clairseach* dumb for my country's shame,  
This burden black from my spirit shaking,  
I'll strike again to an ancient name.

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

That shout thrilled many a field of fame,  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

A bard am I of a house dishonored;  
A song unsaddened no longer mine;  
Loud rang my harp amid hosts embannered,  
When Erin's shield was the race of Brian.

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Lord God, look down on a princely line,

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Flash forth, Kincora, thy halls of glory,  
Come, famed Clontarf, to my sad soul's  
sight,

A thousand fields where in battle gory  
The Strong Hand wrestled for Erin's right.

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Thrice cursed be he that its strength would  
blight,

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Accursed be he upon plain and mountain,  
Accursed again upon shore and wave,  
Shame's hot breath poison his heart's life-  
fountain,

Shallow and red his polluted grave.

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

A haughty house, has it borne a slave?

*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Murrough the Burner! from Croome to Con-  
naught

I see the smoke of your conquests rise;  
Maddened with slaughter, your *kerne* and *bon-  
naght*

Affright out valleys with murderous cries.  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

The dumb beasts e'en from their presence flies,  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Green bosomed Thomond, your bloom is faded,  
Proud Cashel's portals your pride is fled,  
Grim Murrough's butchers, by Satan aided,  
Have made wide Desmond a house of dead.  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

But rise, ye clans to a vengeance dread!  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Afar I hearken the banshee calling  
Fierce Thomond's chief to his bloody  
tomb—

Murrough the Burner, the bolt is falling.  
Thy gibbering victims around thee loom.  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

Meet for a traitor a traitor's doom,  
*Lav-Laidhir Abu!*

THE MARCH OF THE "NORTH CORK."

*A Ballad of '98.*

The summer morn was breaking in the valley  
of the Suir,  
The first faint sunbeams quivered on the river  
running pure,  
When out from Carrick's olden walls a gay  
battalion strode,  
And twice five hundred bayonets filed down  
the dusty road.

Black Horsley of Dunmanaway, he faced his  
men and said;  
"Our journey's goal is Wexford Town, our  
road lies straight ahead;  
There's booty there, and fame to win for every  
yeoman true;  
My faith! we'll teach the rebel hordes what  
royal swords can do!"

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

On marched the North Cork Regiment, a gal-  
land sight to see;  
Their tall plumes fluttered in the breeze, their  
bugles brayed with glee;  
Past fair Mooncoin, past Granagh's tower,  
past ancient Waterford,  
And soon o'er Wexford's war-scarred fields  
their crimson banner soared.

What fires are those that flash on high? What  
shrieks that pierce the air?  
'Tis not the flame of cannon's mouth, or battle-  
trumpet's blare.  
Oh Wexford! 'tis thy roofs that blaze, and  
'tis thy women's cry;  
Now up, and grasp thy gory pike the ven-  
geance hour is nigh!

The mornings light was glancing bright on  
many a gliding rill,  
The rising sun was burnishing the slopes of  
Culart Hill;

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

From storied Wexford's guarded gate a train  
of yeomen passed—  
They little dreamed the march that day was  
fated for their last.

At noon on Culart's moss-clad height loud  
rang the musketry  
And Wexford flung upon the foe her peasant  
chivalry,  
Short shrift the ruffian spoilers found when  
gleamed the dreaded pike,  
For vengeance nerved the patriot's arm and  
pointed where to strike.

Old Enniscorthy next saw fall the "rebel's"  
blow of hate,  
When fled the fear-struck yeomanry from fa-  
mous Duffry Gate;  
They fell as fall the ripened crops when tem-  
pest lashed them down,  
And few and pale the fugitives that entered  
Wexford Town.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Such was the fate well-merited befell that  
fiendish crew  
The ravishers of peaceful homes, the butchers  
of Carnew.  
Light, Wexford, light thy triumph fires, till  
hill and valley glow  
And bless thy peasant-warriors that never  
feared a foe!

The patriot flames they kindled then have  
never since grown cold,  
Today in Bargy and Idrone are hearts that  
beat as bold,  
And tho' the "Boys of Wexford" failed on fatal  
Vinegar Hill,  
"They're ready for another fight and love their  
country still."

THE PIKEMEN.

*A Ballad of '98.*

The troops are out in Bargy and the yeomen  
in Idrone,

The pitch-caps and the gory lash make guilt-  
less victims groan.

Red murder stalks the villages, and high the  
roof trees flame,

Arise ye, men of Wexford now, or live in last-  
ing shame!

Ye pikemen, bold pikemen,

Old Wexford calls her pikemen.

See, at her call, they muster all,

For vengeance now, grim pikemen!

The plough they leave by Slaney's banks, the  
scythe in soft Imayle,

And out through famous Scollagh gap, they  
surge like autumn gale.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Bold hearts are there from Ballaghkeen and  
wooded Shilmaliere.

Sends many a stalwart rifleman to fill the foe  
with fear.

The pikemen, the pikemen,  
The stormy-cheering pikemen,  
Broad Barrow's flood shall flow with  
blood,  
Rush in, ye rebel pikemen!

Above on sunny Camarus the *fraioch*-blossoms  
blow,

Grim massacre and pillage fright the fertile  
vales below,

Rough Corrigrew is basking in the scented  
summer gale,

In Gorey at the mountain-foot is heard the  
maiden's wail.

Ye pikemen, brave pikemen,  
Ha! tarry not, ye pikemen!  
'Tis yours to quell that spawn of hell,  
For hearths and homes, ye pikemen!

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

The morning sun is burnishing the slopes of  
Culart Hill.

His low beam strikes on serried pikes, a sight  
the soul to thrill.

Like flame athwart the ripened fields, from  
Wexford's guarded gate

The "red North Cork"—their life-sands run-  
march out to meet their fate.

The pikemen, the pikemen,  
The dread, resistless pikemen,  
Grim harvest now, on Culart's brow  
They reap, the rebel pikemen.

High noon in Enniscorthy—from the far-  
famed Duffry Gate

The tyrant's smoking cannon hurl their mes-  
sengers of hate,

In vain, in vain, his bullets gain, and thunder  
loud the guns,

Those ranks accursed, the pikemen burst—  
old Wexford's dashing sons!

The pikemen, the pikemen,  
They staggered from the pikemen,  
Their black hearts feel  
The patriot steel,  
The vengeance of the pikemen.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

The "ancient Briton's" went to death on Tub-  
berneering's Plain,  
The Irish green at Taghmon waved o'er many  
a foeman slain,  
Oh, for an Owen Roe again to lead with Span-  
ish steel!  
From Wexford's bristling vanguard then, op-  
pression's ranks should reel.  
The pikemen, the pikemen,  
A leader for the pikemen,  
They heard with fear, your stormy  
cheer  
Ye mocked at death, fierce pikemen!  
'Tis true, alas, ye fought, and failed when  
stubborn Ross ran red,  
The fatal slope of Vinegar Hill was matted  
with your dead.  
Unconquered souls! your fame shall live  
while runs the rapid Nore,  
All honor, deathless pikemen to your green  
graves evermore!  
The pikemen, the pikemen,  
When Erin needs her pikemen,  
God send her then heroic men  
Like Wexford's fearless pikemen.

SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES.\*

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish  
glynnns

Down among the wheat-fields,—up amid the  
whins,

The little white walled villages crowding close  
together,

Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and  
weather:

Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,  
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of  
Foyle,

Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysa-  
dare,

Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

\* All the names are genuine.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

The cosy little villages that shelter from the  
mist,

Where the great West Walls by ocean-spray  
are kissed;

The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun  
When blackberries ripen and the harvest work  
is done.

Corrymeela, CroaghnaKeela, Clogher, Cahir-  
civeen,

Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coo-  
sheen,

Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara,  
Clane,

Carrigaholt, Carrigaline, CloghJordan and  
Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fire at  
night,

Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest  
hearts affright;

The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing  
Banshee's cry,

And when the silver hazels stir they say the  
fairies sigh.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,  
Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kil-  
rea,  
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killa-  
shee,  
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Kil-  
leagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go,  
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's  
woe,

Leave the little villages, but think not to for-  
get

Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your  
bosoms yet.

Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,  
Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and  
Mooncoin,

Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar  
and Slane,

Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Sta-  
bane.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

On the Southern Llanos,—north where  
strange light gleams,  
Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams  
Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and  
care)

“Lo! the little villages, God has heard our  
prayer.”

Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnas-  
kea,

Portglenone, Portarlinton, Portumna, Port-  
magee,

Clonegam and Clonegowan, Cloondara and  
Clonae,

God bless the little villages and guard them  
night and day!

THE SWEET RIVER SUIR.

*" . . . . The gentle Shure that making way  
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford."  
Spencer's Faerie Queen, Book IV, Canto XI.*

From Devil's Bit to Tuurles, from Golden unto  
Cahir,  
By castle-crowned Ardfinan running pure  
Past Carrick and Kilsheelan, ever sparkling,  
ever wheeling  
Flow the waters of the sweet river Suir.

The Galtees and Sheveardagh send their trib-  
utes to its flood  
The Anner comes from storied Sliav-na-mon  
The sunshine and the shadows follow fast  
across the meadows  
Till the dews o' the morn are gone.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

By rich flowery fields of the pleasant golden  
vale

By broken Norman tower and hamlet white  
The waters of the Suir saddest bosom would  
allure

As they dance in the sun's mellow light.

The winds croon and sob thro' ruined abbey  
walls

Low music floats from every fairy-mound  
And weird, haunting rhymes of long-forgotten  
times

In the flowing of the Suir resound.

In cool, sheltered glens where glossy hazels  
nod

The wild linnet thrills a joyful lay  
The thrush and blackbird singing, sweetest  
melodies are flinging  
Thro' brier-scented groves all day.

---

*Irish Mist and Sunshine*

---

'Tis there now I'd be, for my heart is ever  
there,

Where Tippreary and Kilkenny plains  
stretch out

Where the rival Gaels are dashing, and the  
stalwart hurlers' clashing

Is heard above the throng's great shout.

Ah fair is Killarney, where the smile of God is  
seen

But when this life is ended and dust with dust  
And dear to me thy woodlands Glenmalure  
is blended

Let me rest by the sweet river Suir.



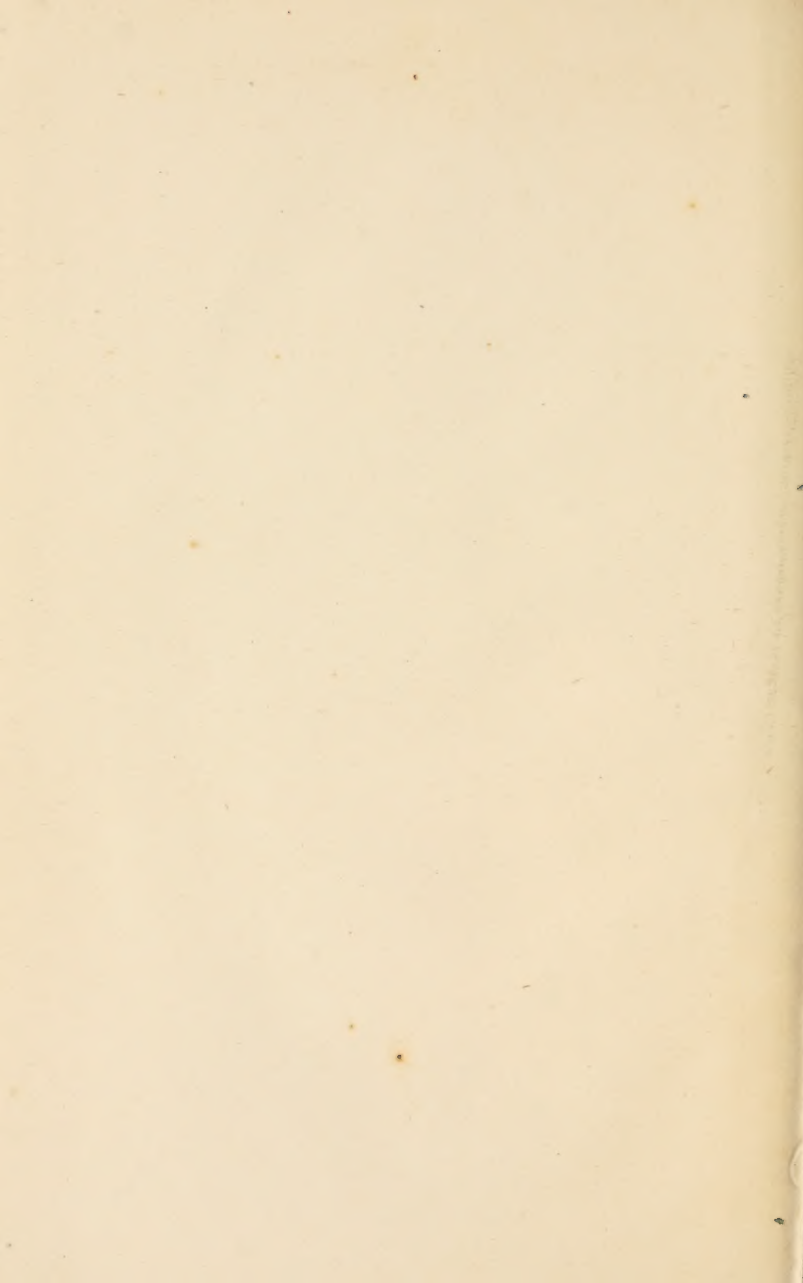
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